Just Alike

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Just Alike

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Summary

Will chuckles to himself as he sips his drink. “Are you enjoying this?”

“Enjoying what?” Hannibal replies.

“The anticipation, and the waiting, more than the act for the kill itself. You love this part. Killing is just your means to an unfortunate end.”

Hunting vs Fishing.

Murder Husband action. What kind of action? All the kinds.

Notes

See the end of the work for notes

Precision.

Hannibal's kills were clean and discreet, unless he decided to make a tableau. But there was no need for those in this life, no need for the underlying desire to be understood when he had Will by his side, every step of the way.

Even if Will was his perfect opposite when it came to killing.

Will had long since embraced his inner darkness, embraced his desire to kill. However, his kills were spontaneous, messy, and always required extended cleanup. Not on more than one occasion would Will make it quick and dirty, leaving a stain on the kitchen tile that required bleaching again for the second time in less than a month.

Will had conceded that Hannibal could choose the next one, as he had had the decision last time. And Hannibal was determined to have this one go off without a hitch or issue that led to washing blood out of each other's hair. Not that that wasn't pleasant or led to even better interactions, but he had rather liked that previous waistcoat that had ended up ruined.

Which was why they were here in a more upscale bar, at a table in the corner, and surveying everyone around them. Their particular victim, the one they had singled out weeks in advance, was currently in a rather obnoxious argument with one of the waitstaff.

Will chuckles to himself as he sips his drink. "Are you enjoying this?"

"Enjoying what?" Hannibal replies.

"The anticipation, and the waiting, more than the act for the kill itself. You love this part. Killing is just your means to an unfortunate end."

Hannibal cocks an amused eyebrow, taking Will's hand across the table. "Much like yourself then, of course."

"Myself? You're the one that always gets on my nerves about my messes."

"No, Will. It is rather like fishing, you know. True joy is in the suspense of a potential catch."

"That's the difference, then, *doctor,"* Will says, his voice going lower on the word *doctor*. The little tease. "Between hunting and fishing. You prefer to watch from afar with intense planning, then pouncing when they least expect it. Fishing is about letting your prey come to *you."*

Will finishes his drink and coughs, rubbing the side of his temple, before standing up and gesturing to the air above them. "All this cigarette smoke doesn't bother you?"

"Not particularly. It adds to the atmosphere."

"And yet I can't wear Old Spice without getting shit for it," Will grins, squeezing his hand once before letting go. "I need some fresh air."

Hannibal nods, and waves the bar attendent over for another drink. Will slips out the side door, after their man who had gone out to take his formerly verbal argument outside to physically lash out. It was purely study, Will notes, he wasn't going to kill him. He wasn't going to kill him yet. Even if he and his opponent were screaming at each other. Even as he roughly shoved him backwards and his head hit the brick hard enough that tears and blood were running down his face. Even as he raised his fist and -

Then he turns around and notices Will.

"The fuck do you want?" he snarls. Will only raises an eyebrow.

"Just fresh air," he states casually. It is taking a lot to not knock him out cold. "Didn't know that I was interrupting."

"Get fucking lost."

"I would get away from him," Will offers. If this man accepts that offer, it won't end up saving his life, but maybe it will earn him some points on the other side. And sure, the man does let go of her and the opponent scurries away to lick his wounds. And Will smiles at him and nods, starting to go back inside the back of his collar is pulled and he nearly loses his balance.

"Fuck is your problem?" the man says, shoving Will this time. Will keeps his smile plastered on.

"Something about helpless birds and wanting to save them and not crush them. Excuse me."

His attempt to move is cut short by a hard *slap* across the face.

And then a second one.

Will feels himself laugh in spite of it all, though. His nose is bleeding, he can feel that, too. It should hurt, it really should, but after nearly dying far too many times, this barely feels like the beginnings of a migraine with a slight sting to match. The man sneers and spits in his face and punches him one more time and Will is definitely rescheduling his death to tonight instead of next Tuesday when the side door swings open and he hears a very quiet, *"Move. Now."*

That voice is only heard when Hannibal is well and truly pissed off. The man moves away from Will and spits at him again before heading towards where Hannibal stands in the doorway. Hannibal's hand is in his pocket where his knife always lies in wait.

The second that man comes within an inch of Hannibal, he will end up with his throat slit and blood dotting the alleyway. It would be absolutely beautiful.

Will locks eyes with his husband, and suddenly an idea springs to mind. He raises an eyebrow and shakes his head.

No, don't. Not now.

Why, Hannibal says with his eyes. Will can't fight the smile.

Because I asked you to, he says back without words.

And he marvels as the murder in Hannibal's eyes does not fade, but his hand remains in his pocket, even as the man brushes past him. It's as though he has him on a leash, and as soon as the man has disappeared inside, Hannibal is instantly at his side, taking his handkerchief and dabbing at the blood dribbling out of Will's nose.

"Why wouldn't you let me kill him?" he asks, gently cradling his other hand under Will's chin, tilting it up. Will shrugs, smirking.

"You were the one insisting on a well-planned, neat kill. I didn't want to distract you from your plans."

"And yet, you went out here deliberately to vex him."

"No, dear," Will teases as Hannibal moves the handkerchief and refolds it. He leans in close and kisses him very gently. "I went out here to vex *you."*

They do not mention that night for a full week. A topic to dance around, to prod and tease, but not addressed. Until one night while Will is reading in his favorite chair, and he feels a hand on his shoulder and warm breath against his neck.

"The car, five minutes. Bring your coat."

It's a warm night, there's no need to wear that cashmere coat hanging in the closet. It's purely for aesthetics. Will puts on the coat anyway, combing his hair back from his eyes with his fingers before going outside. Hannibal is closing the trunk when he sees Will, and his eyes smile as he opens the passenger door for him. Will nods his thanks as Hannibal gets in the driver's seat.

Sometimes Will drives. Sometimes they leave the radio off and sit in complacent silence. Tonight, neither is true, as Hannibal turns on the windshield wipers to remove the dusting of rain blocking his vision as Mozart's *Requiem* plays on the radio. Fitting, Will thinks. He doesn't say it out loud.

Sometimes, like tonight, they don't talk when they do this. Not because there is nothing to say, but because there is no need to say it. So they sit together, their minds mulling over the prospects of a hunt, feeding off of each other's presence.

They have been behind this car for about seven miles. It should be pulling over soon, Will had tampered with the engine early this morning. Not enough to put the man from the car in any danger, but enough to make a hideous rattling noise so that he now pulls over to look under the hood. Hannibal pulls over beside him.

“Do you need any help?’

The man looks up from his tinkering to answer with a sure, if you can when he sees two dark figures, barely visible in the headlights and sprinkling of rain, exiting an old black Cadillac. They’re wearing coats, long ones, and the bottoms of them swirl around their ankles.

They look familiar, but he doesn't elaborate on this thought as the driver comes closer and suddenly the world fades into darkness.

Hannibal had injected the paralytic before placing the man in the trunk to keep him still throughout the drive. It still has a hold on the man as he lays him out on the table in the basement. Will picks up a scalpel as he sets down his glass of whiskey, and speaks the first words either of them have said in two hours.

“May I?”

Hannibal just barely nods, entranced as Will makes the first incision, cutting a neat line down the middle of the man with a perfectly steady hand. Almost like he is gutting a fish.

It’s not enough, Hannibal realizes, replaying the image of the pig laying a hand on Will, causing him to *bleed,* a privilege that only Hannibal could ever have. Will had said it aloud before. It was a promise, an oath, a sworn vow that was up there with *until death do us part.*

This isn’t enough.

He grips Will’s shoulder before he can open the man and remove what he wants. Will turns, amused, and offers the scalpel. Hannibal accepts, and Will steps to the side and watches.

Hannibal usually takes his time, wanting to make sure that the meat is neatly cut and saved for later. That process usually takes at least or hour or two.

It takes exactly eight minutes this time.

Exactly eight minutes, from the time of Hannibal first stab in a non lethal area to the end of severing the carotid artery that results in a fountain spray of blood over them both.

“You got it in my glass,” Will smirks, setting it down on the table. Hannibal is so in love, and he lets it show on his face as he comes closer and setting his scalpel beside Will’s glass.

“Did you enjoy watching that?” he asks. He already knows the answer, and rests a hand coated in gore on Will’s hip. It only makes Will’s grin wider.

“I loved it,” Will purrs.

“Would you tell me why?”

“Are you psychoanalyzing me?”

“I find that I do like you psychoanalyzed.”

Will laughs then. He does that now, and Hannibal can never get enough of that sound. Will leans in closer until their foreheads are pressing against each other.

“It was like I was looking into a mirror,” Will murmurs as he makes direct eye contact. “Like I was responsible for every blow you inflicted.”

Hannibal is this close to pulling him into a kiss that is sorely needed when Will pulls away. Hannibal follows as though he is attracted like a magnet. Will laughs again.

“We need to clean this,” he gestures to Hannibal’s vest that is soaked in blood. “Before the stain sets.”

“I don’t mind.”

Will gasps in mock shock. “Your ridiculously expensive vest that costs more than it should for a piece of fabric? You don’t mind it might be permanently ruined?”

“I have made several sacrifices to keep you in my life, Will,” Hannibal states, moving closer to pull Will into a sweeping kiss that makes them both laugh again. “A terribly stained vest is but a small price to pay.”

“For the record, darling,” Will teases from where his face is pressed against Hannibal’s neck, both of them feeling spent and boneless as they lay back in bed. “If you’re going to insinuate that we are each other's reflection in every way, you don’t need to position the mirror inside the closet door before we have sex.”

“I was being subtle,” is the indignant reply Will gets. He laughs again.

“I’m honestly surprised you didn’t just put it on the ceiling.”

“...”

“...don’t you dare start getting ideas right now.”

End Notes

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